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Beauty and BELST

Friends Sweet



By Jennifer Liberts
Illustrated by Darrell Baker

A Random House PICTUREBACK® Shape Book

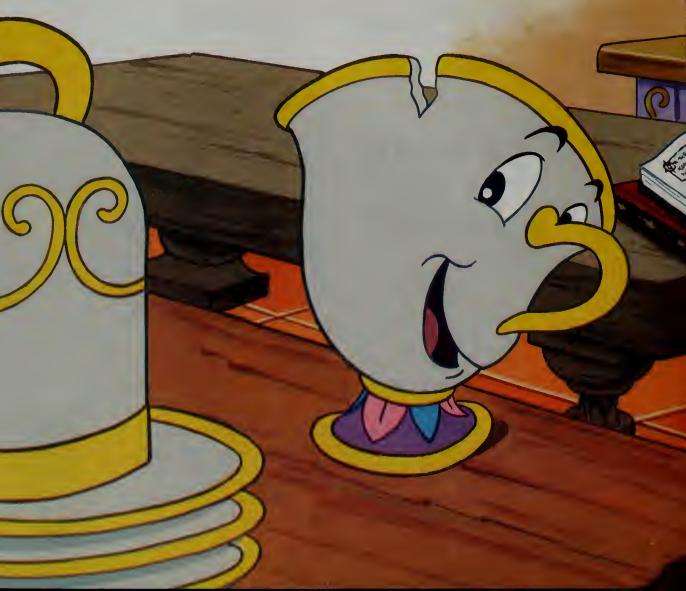
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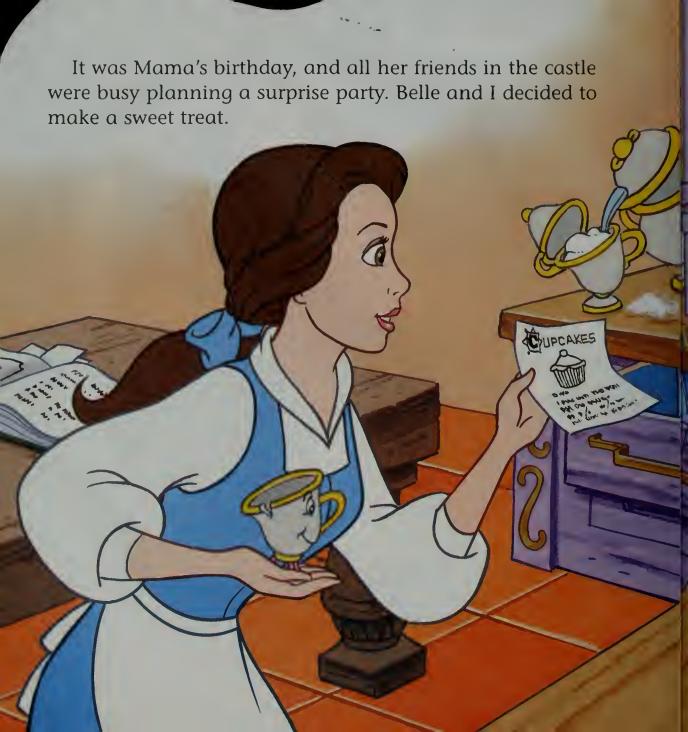
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Hello, my name is Chip. I'm a teacup. My best friend is a very smart girl named Belle. We have lots of fun adventures together, but yesterday's takes the cake . . . well, the cupcake, actually!











Belle and I mixed the ingredients together and poured the batter into the cupcake tin.



After the cupcakes cooled, Belle and I started decorating them. That's when I realized we'd forgotten something.

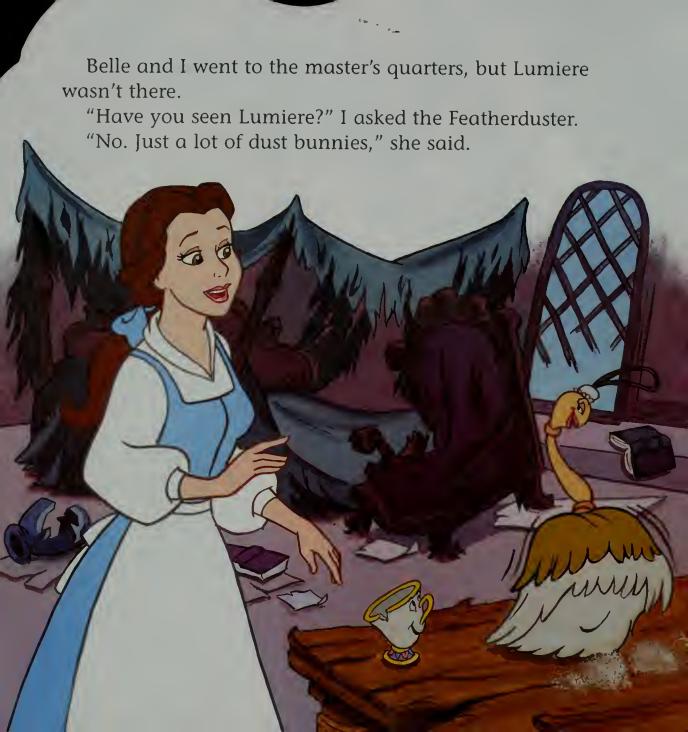
"Belle, we didn't ask Lumiere if he'd light the birthday candles," I said.

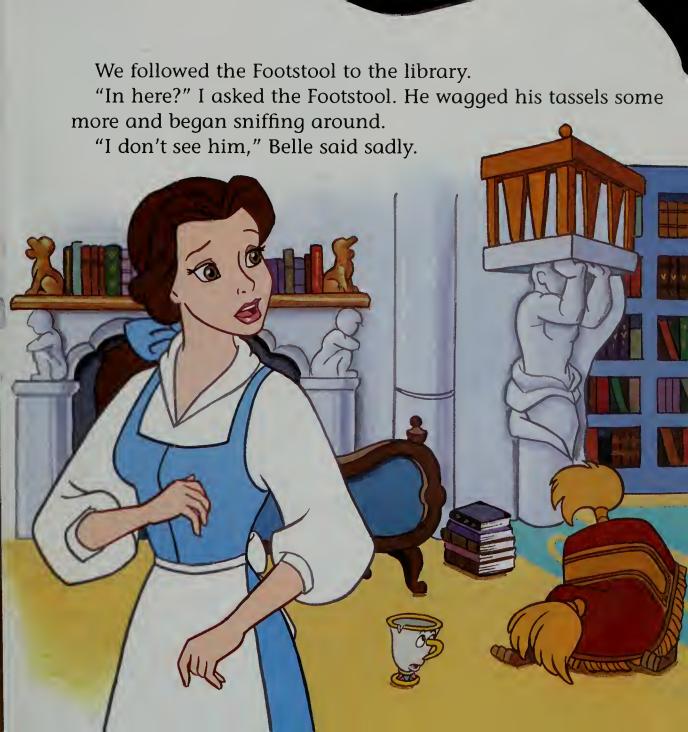
"Where is Lumiere?" asked Belle. "I haven't seen him





"Perhaps he's in the master's quarters," Cogsworth suggested. "Yes," Belle said, "maybe Lumiere is lighting his fireplace."





Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw some drops of wax on the floor.

"Look, Belle!" I called. "He was here! He was here!"

"If we follow the wax, we should find Lumiere," said Belle.



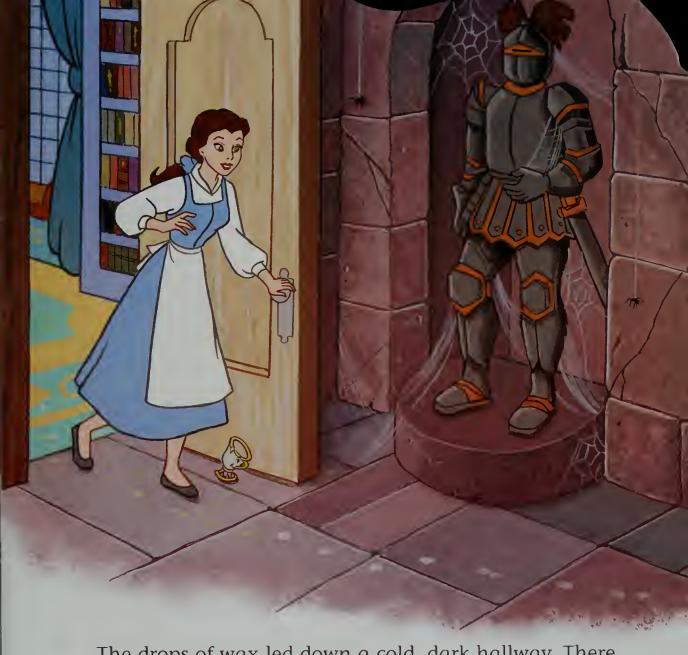


Next, Belle and I went to look in her bedroom. But we didn't find Lumiere there, either.

"We can't find Lumiere," I said to the Footstool. "Have you seen him?"

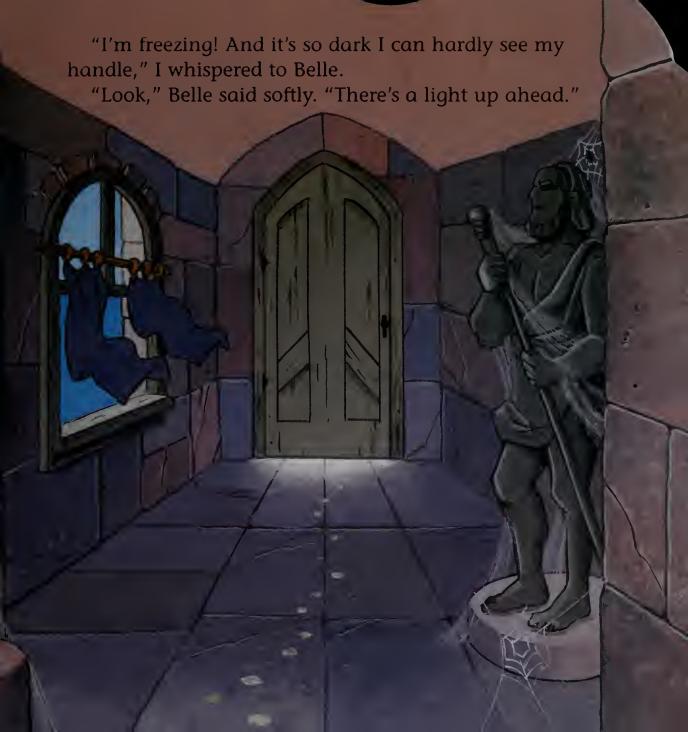


The Footstool wagged his tassels and ran to the door. "I think he knows where Lumiere is!" cried Belle.



The drops of wax led down a cold, dark hallway. There were spiderwebs everywhere.







"The light is coming from under that door!" I shouted. We ran toward it. Belle turned the doorknob and pulled, but she couldn't open the door.

"Lumiere?" called Belle. "Lumiere . . . are you in there?"

"Mademoiselle? Is that you?" shouted Lumiere from the other side of the door. "I've been stuck in this closet for hours. I was looking for decorations for the party when the wind slammed the door shut and locked me in!"

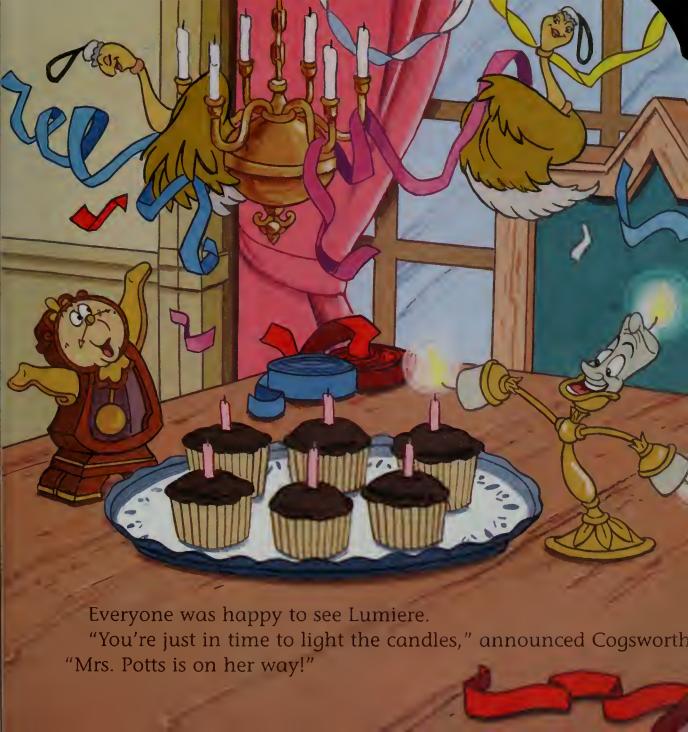


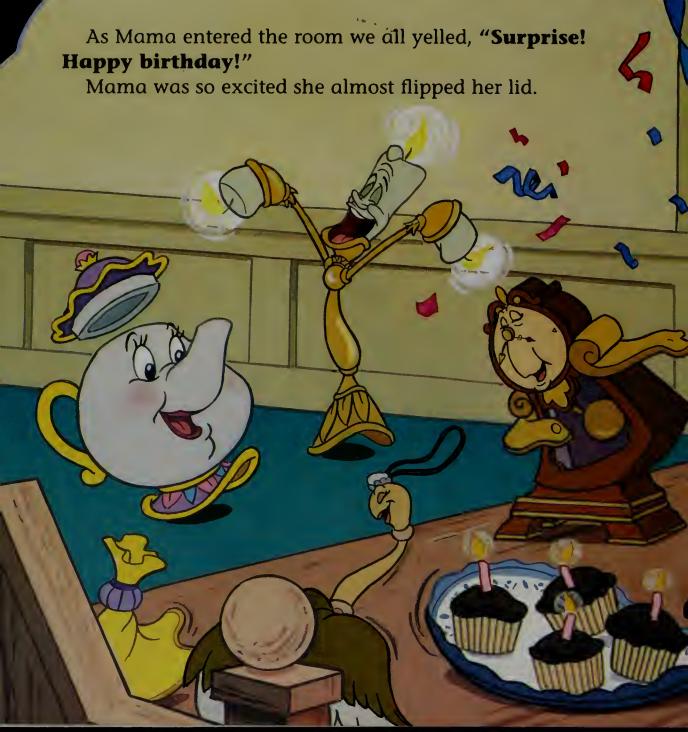


Belle rushed to close the window. Then the two of us pulled with all our might. The door finally popped open.

"Thank you, Monsieur Chip," said a relieved Lumiere.
"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

"Now you can light Mama's birthday candles—that's your special job!" I said.







Mama thanked us for the cupcakes and Lumiere told her how Belle and I rescued him.

Belle gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I couldn't have found Lumiere without your help," she told me.

The cupcakes were sweet, but nothing's sweeter than my pest friend. Belle!





